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MY FIRST EVENING IN WALLACHIA.

BY A HONVED.

My readers will recollect the melancholy occasion on which the picked men of the Hungarian army, after the two extraordinary days of the 9th and 13th of August, 1849, were compelled to abandon all hope of liberty, and to escape the monstrous cruelty of Russia and Austria, by emigrating into Turkey. That day was a bright day for the Sultan—it was a bad day for Russia. The men who were driven by the force of Russia to seek refuge on the territories of the Turk, are those who since have drilled and organised the Turkish forces, while many of them are at this moment burning for the time when they shall come into the field against Russia. It matters not how, nor why—but I, in those days, was in the service of the Hungarian revolution.

I was at Hatzeg, just recovered from a wound, when I received the fatal intelligence of the surrender of Lazar and Török, and of the inexplicable day at Villagos. I, like all my companions, cried out with fury against the treachery of Görgey. But rage and lamentations were too late. The only thing we could do was to join General Bem. All was confusion and doubt. Some said that all was over; some thought that there was falsehood in much of what was said. None would decide. I decided for myself. I had a good horse, a warm cloak, arms, and a portmanteau. I accordingly, knowing the country tolerably well, determined, alone and unassisted, to join the general and ascertain from his lips what was to be done.

Had I waited a few hours longer, I should have found that Bem was at all events trying to resist, trying to save the nation from the fearful blow it had received. I took my way towards the Iron-gate. I travelled at night, for fear of meeting with Austrians or Russians, though I chiefly dreaded the former. I succeeded in reaching the Iron-gate about twelve at night. I passed it and made for Weislowa. This city was calm and still, as if the savage dogs of war had never been loosed, and as if a nation's liberty were not crushed under the iron heel of the ruthless Czar, against whom few in high places then cried as they do now, though he was the same ambitious despot he is now. I mistrusted the stillness, and sent my horse dashing through the streets without halting.

I soon, however, pulled up, as I found myself in the very act of falling into an Austrian corps of observation. Luckily I drew up just as the first sentry came in view, and walking my horse slowly back, I retreated into a little wood, where I chose a close thicket, fastened my horse to a tree, and took some refreshment. I found that, by standing on my horse's back and holding on to a branch, I could just see the Austrian tents. I determined, therefore, to keep very close until these fellows removed from the neighbourhood. Being an officer, my name known, and legally in the service of the empire, death awaited me if taken. I accordingly wrapped myself in my cloak, after cutting a good handful of grass for the horse, placed my pistols under my head, laid a carbine I had provided myself with by my side, and sought repose. I slept until nearly midday, when I awoke much parched, having had no drink but raw brandy since I started. I knew not what to do, and was about to rise to seek for water, even in some pool, for myself and horse, when I heard the steps of a man and horse, the clanking of heavy boots, the rattling of a cavalry sword, and other alarming signs, close at hand. I cocked my gun.

"What is that?" said a voice as of one exhausted and worn out—a gentle voice too.

"A friend," I replied, recognising a Hungarian uniform, and hastening forward.

"Heaven be praised!" continued the stranger, who was sinking with exhaustion. I have been chased ten miles by five Austrians, but a trumpet calling them, they joined some comrades."

"Some comrades," said I—"an army. The knaves will bring a cloud upon us. We must to horse."

"I can go no further now," replied the stranger, who was not more than eighteen, and yet an officer; but this was nothing in Hungary, where boys did deeds of manly valour.

"But death will be our portion if taken," I said.

"I can but die once," he continued, sinking on the ground.

"What is in that gourd?" I said almost fiercely.

"Water."

I snatched it, drank a draught—oh, how delicious to my parched lips!—and then held it to those of my companion, this time mixed with the coarse brandy of the country. The stranger would have resisted, but his strength was gone, and I forced the liquid down his throat. I then moved away and watched, for I heard the Austrians moving. But it was the whole division and in the direction of the Iron-gate.

I returned to my companion; he lay still upon the ground, and I understood he asked for food. I gave him bread, meat, and a knife. He began slowly to eat, and as his strength revived, I thought I had never seen so handsome a youth. The small Kossuth hat, the hussar uniform, set off to advantage a regular and rather effeminate visage, on which there was not even a sign of down. He explained that, having fled from Lagose, he too was proceeding to join Bem, when a patrol of Austrians with a sham flag of truce chased him, and drove him to this extremity. Having said thus much, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep.

I woke him immediately it was dusk, and saddling both horses, assisted him to mount, and away we sped towards the point where we believed Bem to be. We avoided towns and villages; we halted before turning a corner. We were making for Kavanseber.

In the middle of the night we found a roadside inn, and here we heard for the first time that all was over, and that all those who had to dread Siberia or the gallows from the tender mercies of Russia and Austria had determined on emigrating to Turkey, convinced that the Turks would treat us far better than either of the two emperors. This was horrible—this was fatal news.

"What is to be done?" I said wildly.

"Go to Turkey," replied my companion gently.

"But how?"

"By what means we can. On!"

And the young man struck his spurs in his horse's flanks, and led the way. It was a stupendous journey for two men to perform, across the mountains of Morau, the volcanic ridges of the Carpathians, up hill and down dale. But death by the Austrian hangman was worse, and we neither of us then or now utterly despaired of Hungary.

We took still more care than ever to avoid any communication with the people about this part, they being that slavish peasantry called the Mautzen, who are so attached to Austria; but that morning we found a hut, where a man, recognising us as Hungarians, cheerfully offered to give us shelter. My companion hesitated, and shook his head. I laughed at his fears, and he agreed to chance it. We accordingly locked our horses in a small out-house, after giving them food which we paid for, and went up into a kind of loft to rest. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, saw that our primings were all right, and laying our heads on a bundle of straw, slept.

I was awoke at last by the sound of several voices conversing in a mysterious whisper. I moved not, but I listened. We were in a room which could only be approached by a ladder; it was steep; at its foot were about a dozen of the rascally Mautzen discussing who should go up first. I had my pair of American pistols, which I brought over in 1847 from America. I cocked one and peered through a crack. They were eleven men, armed with knives, old pistols, pikes, while two held cords to tie us with.

I rose to my feet with a bound, rushed to the head of the stairs, and fired my five discharges as rapidly as possible. Yells and roars succeeded, and then the house was cleared. My companion was by my side; we rushed down stairs, and I again let fly at the retreating crowd. Four were severely wounded, amongst whom was our treacherous host: I could not but feel glad that his case was hopeless. We then walked out into the open air, and while I levelled my trusty carbine at the scoundrels, my companion brought out our horses. We mounted, and giving the fellows another volley, rode off,

We sought no more hospitality after that. When in force, we took food and paid for it.

One day we were in the mountains, climbing a rocky path, when, suddenly reaching the crest of a hill, we saw beneath our feet a small army—hussars in front, a carriage next, a staff, several carriages, some infantry, and then two squadrons of hussars. We knew what it was: it was the sad remnant of Hungary's heroes. The reader may imagine our hurry to descend the hill, which we did by a mountain-path that brought us out on the road ahead of the army. We were in an instant made prisoners, and taken back to the front carriage, in which sat a man in a gray blue coat, with gold embroidery, torn by bullets and sabres, with a Kossuth hat on his head. It was Bem.

"Good day, lieutenant," said he to me, and then his eyes dilated with surprise: "Miss Katerina B—, have you escaped?"

"Miss!" I exclaimed, wild with surprise, while my com-

panion smiled and blushed, and the old general and his staff laughed heartily at my unfeigned astonishment.

I was overwhelmed with confusion, but it would have been pleasant to remark the change in my manner to my companion in misfortune. I treated her at once as a woman, and was rejoiced when she joined a party of refugee ladies. I then heard that, after joining the army with her brother and father, she was, by the death of them, left alone in the world; she would not leave the army, and her sex and courage had been universally respected.

Our journey over those hills, through the Carpathian mountains, those glorious scenes, our dangers, and our difficulties, are historical. At last we crossed the Turkish frontier, and were welcomed gladly by the peasantry and authorities; and will the reader be surprised to learn, considering her forlorn position in that country, that I found a priest, and was married to my present good and gentle wife, on the very first evening I spent in Wallachia?

SUGAR REFINING.

The sugar cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) is a plant of the botanical order *Gramineæ*, and varies in height from eight to ten or even twenty feet. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, with a stem of a green hue, verging to yellow as it approaches to maturity, and divided into annular joints of a whitish yellow colour, about three inches apart. The cane is of a dense and brittle character, decorated with long, flat, straight, pointed leaves, three or four feet in length, which fall off as the plant ripens. It is propagated either by seeds or cuttings, and is found in a wild state in the West India islands and the adjacent continent, and in many parts of the eastern hemisphere, which was its original home. Towards the end of the thirteenth century it was conveyed to Arabia, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the Barbary States. In 1506 it was imported into St. Domingo, and thence spread throughout the surrounding regions. Humboldt asserts that it was transplanted into Cyprus, and thence into Sicily. The history of the plant, the product of which is now so well known, may be briefly stated. It is related by Laftan, that in 1148, William II. king of Sicily made a present to the monastery of St. Benoit of a mill for crushing the cane; and that sugar was known to the first crusaders, who being short of provisions at Acre and Tripoli, were obliged to chew the cane to support life. In 1420, Don Henry, Regent of Portugal, imported sugar into Madeira from Sicily, whence it found its way by an easy transition to the Canaries, from which islands, before the discovery of America, Europe obtained its supply. From the Canaries the sugar cane passed to the Brazils and the West Indian islands; and towards the middle of the seventeenth century, sugar was sent to England from Barbadoes. From this period, a regular supply has been exported from the West Indies, Mexico, Peru, Spanish America, and the French and Dutch colonies. According to Peter Martyr, who wrote the third book of his first Decade during the second expedition of Columbus, either he himself introduced the cultivation of the sugar plant, or found it among the arts practised by the natives of the then unknown land.

On the manufacture of sugar from the cane in the West Indies, we shall be very brief. When the canes are ripe they are cut down close to the ground, and transported in bundles to the mill-house, where they are crushed in machines of a very complicated description. The crushed cane is then boiled, and the juice, as it comes from the boiler, is collected, clarified, re-boiled, cooled, and finally separated from the syrup, or molasses. Great improvements are constantly being made in the manufacture of raw, or brown sugar, though doubtless much remains to be done ere the estate of the West Indian planter becomes as profitable as could be wished.

All raw sugars, no matter how well made, contain a certain

quantity of impurity—from one to about six per cent.; and to separate the pure crystallisable matter from the molasses, colouring matter, and filth, which the former processes left in the sugar, is the principal object of the sugar refiner, or sugar "baker," as he is vulgarly called. The sugar being brought in a hogshead, the hogshead is tilted on its side, its head having previously been knocked out, and a couple of men are quickly engaged in shovelling its contents into what are called the blowing-up coppers. These are large copper vessels, some five-and-twenty feet round and five feet high, into which steam is admitted, by means of a coil of pipes, for the purpose of dissolving the sugar. This is the first process; and the sugar, when dissolved, is by no means an inviting-looking compound, for it is a dark, thick, muddy, calming liquid, with bits of sticks floating in it, and, as the microscope has lately revealed, thousands of animalcules. As yet, the gluten, lime, earth, and molasses, which are always present in raw, or muscovado, sugar, are unremoved, and the substance is simply dissolved, a small portion of lime-water having been admitted to the blowing up cisterns, and constant agitation having been used to assist the operation.

When the saccharine solution, called "liquor" in the language of the factory, has been sufficiently melted, it is allowed to flow from the blowing-up cisterns to the filters below, which it enters in a thick, dark, treacly-looking state. The filters consist of a series of cast-iron vessels, about six or eight feet in height by two and a half in width. The process of filtration is not only very complete, but really highly ingenious. We will endeavour to explain the internal construction of one of these filtering cisterns. It consists of an upright iron square, furnished with an outer door for the arrangement of the interior objects. At the top is a shallow chamber for holding the liquor, and to this is attached a series of metallic tubes, depending from which are several stout canvas bags, about six feet long by two feet wide, doubled and coiled up so as to present a compact mass of cloth. Into these bags the saccharine liquor flows, and there being no lower orifice, is forced through the structure of the material till it exudes in a clear transparent stream, slightly tinged with red. Each filtering cistern holds from forty to sixty bags, and in these are retained all the impurities before spoken of, except a little colouring matter to be removed by the next process.

You may be certain that the bags thus filled in their every pore with impurities soon become clogged up. The following is the mode in which they are cleansed. On a couple of little platforms stand a couple of men enveloped in canvas and steam, and their faces dappled with mud. Between them, attached to a pipe through which flows the waste steam from the boiler, is one of the dirty bags turned inside out from the